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The Centennial.

THE FIRST DAY.

The first day of the great celebra-
tion has come and gone. All day
long bands have played, guns have
bellowed and people have shouted
with a fervor that was not to be daunt-
ed by the crush and jam of the streets
and the jam and crush of the hotels
and all other places of abode. The
weather has been favorable, all in all.

When the president reached Eliza-
bethport he found about 20,000 peo-
ple awaiting him. As he walked down
to the wharf cannons roared and whis-
es screamed. The Dispatch drew
up much water, and 12 lusty seamen
rowed the president and vice presi-
dent to her, a distance of about half
a mile.

After considerable delay the Dis-
patch hoisted her anchor and headed for
New York. No less than three hun-
dred steam vessels followed in her
wake, and the din from salutes and
steam vessels was almost deafening.

Approaching New York, the navy
was discerned. Each vessel was trim-
med with bunting and the lusty tars
banned the yards. As the president
passed a national salute was fired.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton
and the ladies accompanying them
were on the steamer Sirius, and it
was noticeable that the president, on
the Dispatch, had his marine glasses
directed most of the time to the part
where his wife was standing.

The salutes were so continuous that
the president was forced to remain
covered during the entire trip. No
words can describe the grandeur of
the naval display, and the enthu-
siastic crowds on shore. The wharves,
buildings and boats were literally
black with people. The president
landed about 1 o'clock and was con-
veyed to the foot of Wall street, amid
the booming of cannon, shrieking of
whistles, abundant display of decora-
tions, and accompanied by all manner
of water crafts. The party, which
included ex-presidents R. B. Hayes
and Grover Cleveland, and other dis-
tinguished men, from there passed
amid throngs of people to the Law-
yers' Club in the Equitable, where
they breakfasted, and an informal
reception followed. These over, the
president was escorted to the resi-
dence of Vice President Morton by
the committee on states.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the cen-
tennial ball took place at the Metro-
politan Opera House, Mayor Grant
as host and chairman. The floral
decorations were of the most elabo-
rate order. Over the president's box
was a large banner displaying the
word "Washington" and at either
end of it were the dates "1779" and
"1889" in brilliant gas jets.

THE SECOND DAY.

Tuesday, the second day of the
centennial jubilee in New York, was
marked fairly bright. During the
morning hours the sun was often ob-
scured by passing clouds, only to
break forth again in radiant splendor.
A sharp wind blew from the west and
sweaters and wraps were worn with
amateur.

In front of the platform of the sub-
sidiary building, where the literary
exercises connected with the centen-
nial celebration took place, a sea of
heads greeted the eye, and all about
the spot from Broadway to Williams
street, and as far as one could see
own Broad street, eager, thronging
humanity was packed. The special
train from which the speaker ad-
dressed the people was built directly
in front of the statue of Washington.
Washington's statue itself stood in a
tower of national colors and devices.
The president's reception was most
enthusiastic. During the playing of
"Hail to the Chief," he was escorted
to a seat on the platform. The oth-
er members of the party having been
disposed about the place, a short ad-
dress was delivered by Elbridge T.
Perry, chairman of the committee on
literary exercises.

When Mr. Gerry had concluded,
the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs offer-
ed prayer. The poem by John Green-
leaf Whittier was then read by Clar-
ence W. Bowen.

After the applause that greeted
the reading of the poem had subsided,
Hon. Chanancy M. Depew stepped
forward to deliver the oration he
had written for the occasion:

We celebrate to-day, the centenary
of our nationality. The powers of
the government were assumed by the
people of the republic, and they be-
came the sole source of authority.
The solemn ceremonial of the first
inauguration, the reverent oath of
Washington, the acclaim of the mul-
titude greeting their president, mark-
ing the most unique event of modern
times in the development of free in-
stitutions. The occasion was not an
accident, but a result. It was the
elimination of the working out by
mighty forces through many centu-
ries of the problem of self-govern-
ment. It was the triumph of a sys-

tem, the application of a theory, or
the reduction to practice of the ab-
stractions of philosophy. The time,
the country, the heredity and environ-
ment of the people, the folly of its
enemies, and the noble courage of its
friends, gave to liberty, after ages of
defeat, of trial, of experiment, or
partial success and substantial gains,
this immortal victory.

We stand to-day upon the dividing
line of constitutional government.
There are no clouds overhead and no
convulsions under our feet. We rever-
ently return thanks to Almighty
God for the past, and with confidence
and hopeful promise march upon
sure ground toward the future. These
simple facts of these hundred years
paralyze the imagination, and we
contemplate the vast accumulations
of the century with awe and pride.
Our population has grown from four
to sixty-five millions. Its center
moving westward five hundred miles
since 1789, is eloquent with the found-
ing of cities and the birth of states.
New settlements, clearing the forests
and subduing the prairies, and add-
ing four millions to the few thou-
sands of farms which were the sup-
port of Washington's republic, create
one of the great granaries of the
world and open exhaustless reservoirs
of national wealth.

The infant industries, which the
first act of our first administration
sought to encourage, now give re-
munerative employment to more peo-
ple than inhabited the republic at the
beginning of Washington's presiden-
cy. The grand total of their annual
output of seven thousand millions of
dollars in value places the United
States first among the manufacturing
countries of the earth. These hun-
dred years of development under fa-
vorable political conditions have bro't
the sum of our national wealth to a
figure which has passed the results
of a thousand years for the mother-
land herself, otherwise the richest
of modern empires.

During this generation, a civil war
of unequal magnitude caused the
expenditure and loss of eight thou-
sands and millions of dollars, and killed
six hundred thousand and permanent-
ly disabled over a million young men,
and yet the impetuous progress of
the North and the marvelous indus-
trial development of the new and free
South have obliterated the evidence
of destruction, and made the war a
memory, and have stimulated produc-
tion until our annual surplus nearly
equals that of England, France and
Germany combined.

This realism of material prosperity,
surpassing the wildest creation of the
romancers who have astonished and
delighted mankind, would be full of
danger for the present and menace
for the future, if the virtue, intelli-
gence and independence of the peo-
ple were not equal to the wise regu-
lation of its uses and the stern pre-
vention of its abuses. But following
the growth and power of the great
factors whose aggregation of capital
made possible the tremendous pace
of the settlement of our national do-
main, the building of our great cities
and the opening of the lines of com-
munication which have unified our
country and created our resources,
have come national and state legisla-
tion and supervision. Twenty mil-
lions, a vast majority of our people
of intelligent age, acknowledging the
authority of their several churches,
twelve millions of children in com-
mon schools, 345 universities and col-
leges for the higher education of men
and 200 for women, 450 institutions
of learning for science, law medicine
and theology, are the despair of the
scoffer and the demagogue, and the
firm support of civilization and lib-
erty. The constitution during all this
time has been amended only upon
the lines laid down in the original
instrument.

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.
Fellow-Citizens—My task to-day
is of a very exacting character, and
makes it quite impossible that I
should deliver an address upon this
occasion. Foreseeing this, I early
notified your committee that the pro-
gram must contain no address by me.
The selection of Mr. Depew as orator
of this occasion made further speech
not only difficult but superfluous.
[Applause.] He has met the demand
of this great occasion on his own high
level. He has brought before us in-
cidents and lessons of the first inau-
guration of Washington. We seem to
have been a part of that admiring and
almost worshipping throng that filled
these streets one hundred years ago.
We have come into the serious, but
inspiring presence of Washington.
[Applause.] He was the incarnation
of duty, and he teaches us to-day the
great lessons that those who would
associate their names with events that
shall outlive the century can only do
so by a high consecration to duty.
[Applause.] Self-seeking has no
public observance or anniversary.
Washington seemed to come to the
discharge of his high place impressed
with a sense of his unpopularity with
these new calls upon him, modestly
doubtful of his own ability and trust-
ing implicitly in the sustaining help of
rules and grace of that God who
fules the world, presides in the coun-
cils of nations and is able to supply
every human demand. We have made
marvelous progress in material things,
but the stately and enduring shaft
of the national capital at Washington
symbolizes that he is yet the first
American citizen. [Applause.]

When the president ceased speak-
ing, the benediction was pronounced
by Most Rev. Michael Carrigan, Ro-
man Catholic Archbishop of New
York.

Space forbids a description of the
great military and industrial parades,
and a series of interesting and im-
portant exercises that followed. The
celebration was in honor of a great
man, and was worthy of the man,
the country and the occasion.

Qualifications of Supervisors.

One of the most spirited and prac-
tical addresses made at the Windham
county educational meeting was by
Dr. Holton of the Brattleboro school
board. He explained that one reason
why Vermont shows such an ap-
parently large percentage of illiteracy
it because the school age fixed by
her laws heretofore has been from
five to twenty years, while in most
states the school age is from five to
fifteen. Under our new law it is from
five to eighteen. We are not going
to stop to criticize the law and con-
demn it in advance, the doctor forth-
ly said; we are going to put every
man by his shoulder to the wheel, and
compel it to be a success. If the law
is a failure, it will be because the
county boards do not elect good su-
pervisors; the responsibility is with
them. In his mind there were four
essential qualifications for the super-
visors to possess. They should be,
first, educated men; second, practi-
cal teachers; third, up in the meth-
ods of to-day; fourth, men of char-
acter, of tact and of ability to create
enthusiasm; they ought to "bristle
all over with enthusiasm," and be
able to get right at the people and the
teachers, and help them out of their
difficulties. If he were a member of
the county board, he would not let
politics, friendship or religion have a
feather's weight in making his choice;
he should look for the best man—and
it should be remembered that the law
does not restrict the choice to resi-
dents of the county or of the state.

In the following editorial para-
graph the *American Cultivator* gives
eastern investors in western farm
mortgages something to think of:

"Kansas farms are mortgaged for
\$285,000,000, which, at eight per
cent, makes an annual interest of
nearly \$23,000,000. This is more
than the value of the Kansas wheat
crop. It takes a great deal of money
out of the state, as a large part of
this sum is loaned by eastern cap-
italists. Bad as this may seem for
Kansas farmers, it is not clear that it
is a good thing for the money-lender.
Sooner or later the burden will be-
come greater than the farmers can
bear. To sell a large part of the
produce of a farm for interest or rent
is the sure way to impoverish it. Be-
fore the capitalists knows what is
being done, he finds that his princi-
pal has vanished. In place of his
money he will be left with a lot of
land whose decreasing fertility makes
it no longer worth cultivating, and
therefore practically worthless. The
safety of loans on land consists not
in present value of the property, but
on what is being done with it. If it
is growing better all the time by good
farming, it is good security for money,
no matter how much. If it is growing
poorer, it is probably no security at
all."

It is estimated that the flowers used
in the decoration of the churches of
New York city for Easter cost over
\$100,000, apropos to which the *Trib-
une* says it is becoming a question
with many, even of those most anx-
ious to honor Easter, whether the ex-
penditure of so much money in this
way is not a mistake. Originally the
custom was a beautiful bit of relig-
ious symbolism, and as such served a
legitimate function in the services of
the day; but it is gradually acquiring
a business and spectacular quality,
encouraged by the florists and patron-
ized by fashion, until the religious
idea is nearly lost sight of. Fashion
has done much to make both Lent
and Easter ridiculous; and it is time
for religious people to recognize the
fact, and do something to bring out
into clearer view the religious idea
underlying these seasons.

The Montpelier *Watchman* well
says:—"Commissioner Valentine,
who has been entrusted with the busi-
ness of booming Vermont, should
take a hint from the method of the
boomers of the one hundred and one
projects outside of Vermont, into
which her people are putting money
by thousands and tens of thousands.
If half that is done in Vermont for
Fort Payne, Munice, Texas, etc.,
were done in Vermont for the places
where there is money to invest and
people who want land, wealth would
be flowing into the state. At present
Vermont is very much like a goose
who eagerly submits to be plucked to
make soft beds for other communi-
ties, while her own people bunk on
straw. These real estate booms may
be all they are advertised; neverthe-
less it is a matter for regret and so-
litude that so much money that is
needed at home is steadily flowing
out of the state."—*Windsor Journal*.

A Safe Investment.
Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfac-
tory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase
price. On this safe plan you can buy our ad-
vertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery
for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief
in every case, when used for any affection of throat,
lungs, or chest, such as consumption, inflammation
of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup,
etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, per-
fectly safe, and can always be depended upon.
Trial bottles free at H. C. Pierce's drug store.

Rebellion War Record.

Prisoners again, we went to work
to accommodate ourselves to the situ-
ation and to make another escape at
the earliest possible moment. The
provost marshal offered to give us the
liberty of the jail yard, quite a large
enclosure, if we would give him our
parole; otherwise we were to be shut
up inside the jail. We liked the air
and so took our parole. Our situation
seemed tolerably comfortable and we
were quiet till about 11 o'clock, when
the provost marshal came in swearing
and raging and calling us nigger
thieves.

A word more on the negro: Our
darkey whom we left hid in the woods
at the time of our capture the day
before, managed to get himself dis-
covered and they set the hounds on
him and he was terribly mangled. He
was taken to the prison where we
were the next day, and in a condition
not much better than dead. It seemed
that he told on us, claimed he was
going North with us, etc., etc. The
whole village and country around was
in a state of excitement and the feel-
ing against us was such that we bare-
ly escaped lynching. If some of the
women had had their way we should
have hung for it. It was looking
pretty blue for us; but there were a
few Union people who plead in our
behalf and probably saved our lives.
Toward night it happened that five or
six more Union prisoners were bro't
to the jail. They were officers from
the same camp from which we had
escaped; we felt a little relieved
when they came, thinking the Rebs
would not break their malice on us
and leave them unharmed.

We were kept in this jail one week,
when we were informed that we were
to be taken to Augusta, Ga. The
marshal wanted us to take a parole,
but we refused to take one. We were
short of men and for guards and want-
ed to put us on parole. We told him
he need not trouble himself about
sending guards, as we could go along
alone. We would not promise to let
an opportunity to escape go unim-
proved, and he was mad, said he
would tie us. We said, "All right."
The next morning we started under
a pretty good guard, and walked to
Augusta, tired and terrible foot-sore.
We were here put in an old building,
and were subjected to another search
by a rebel lieutenant and a squad of
men. They looked us over to see if
there was anything more they could
take from us and leave a scrap of
clothing or anything valuable about
us. I had nothing worth stealing
but a coat, and managed to hide that
before they reached me in their
search. I saved my coat. There
was a Capt. Noble from a Maine regi-
ment that was taken from the jail to
Augusta. Not long before he made
his escape he received a nice suit of
clothes from home. The robbers
took the whole suit and gave him a
ragged suit of rebel gray. He felt
very bad about the loss of the suit,
and the next morning when the pro-
vost marshal came around and had
us in line, Noble complained to him
about being robbed of his clothes. He
said he did not care a d—n, he
wished they had taken his life. Not
long after, this same lieutenant that
led the robbers, came and called
Noble out and he has never been
heard of since. I have no doubt they
murdered him because he complained
to the marshal. I suppose by a slip
of the tongue I came near being
"wiped out" that same day. There
was a man confined in the room with
us, I think he was a spy; he did not
claim to be a soldier, and it was not
known which side he was on. He
said he was from Maryland. In the
afternoon this man and myself were
standing in the door, when a squad
of prisoners were brought in, follow-
ed closely by this same gang of ro-
bbers. As they passed by I said:
"Go in, robbers, skin them!" I knew
that was what they were going to do,
but I was foolish in saying what I
did after seeing what I did in regard
to Capt. Noble in the morning. In
course of half an hour the lieuten-
ant came back. He did not recog-
nize me as the one that spoke and in-
quired who it was that said "Go in,
robbers!" We paid no attention to
him, and he repeated the question
but got no answer. Then he said:
"It will be lucky for the man if I
don't find out." He then went away
and I asked this Marylander why he
did not tell. He replied: "I don't
talk much." I put my arms around
him and hugged him, for I believed
he had saved my life, and told him
so. He said there was no doubt of
it. I expected when I went into the
army to take my chances of being
killed, but resolved not to take any
more chances like this of being mur-
dered, and made up my mind that if
my tongue ever got me into another
such scrape I would cut it off.

The next day we were sent back to
Columbia. It was late in the eve-
ning when we arrived. As it was two
miles to the old camp they concluded
to put us back in the jail until morn-
ing. We had to go nearly the length
of the main street to get to the jail.
Capt. Norcross, Holden and myself
were close together and concluded we
would not go to jail, but try and get
away again. The street was full of
people. We were in charge of a ser-
geant and a few men, the sergeant at
the head of the column and in the
middle of the street. We watched
our chance and slipped into the crowd
on the side-walk and followed along

with them until we came to another
street. We turned into it and found
our way out into the country and
spent the night under a tree. We
were free to try our luck again on
the road or give ourselves up. After
consulting a while we concluded to
give it up and go to camp. We were
in no condition to escape, being rag-
ged, foot-sore and covered with lice.
On our way to camp we met a man
with a load of sweet potatoes. He
said he would take twelve dollars for
a bushel. As that was less than half
what we usually had to pay, we want-
ed a bushel. I had no money, but
Norcross and Holden found enough
about their clothes to buy a bushel.
We did them up in a blanket and
carried them to camp, going direct to
headquarters and telling the captain
in charge we had got sick of tramping
round the country and proposed to
give ourselves up. After asking us
many questions he took us in and we
were prisoners again. I borrowed
some money of my old messmate,
Adams, paid for my share of the po-
tatoes, and went to messing with him
again and felt at home. Still I had
not given up making my escape. Soon
after this we were moved into the
city of Columbia and put into a stock-
ade connected with the Insane Asy-
lum. This I find by referring to my
diary was on the 12th day of Decem-
ber, 1864. About this time my mon-
ey came to me that my wife sent.
We could not get the greenbacks, but
had to take an order on the sutler for
seven dollars for one. This was bet-
ter than nothing, because I could get
anything of the sutler. When I had
taken the order up except \$50 they
gave me that in money.

In this place we suffered a great
deal; it was very cold and we were
thinly clad. The rebels furnished
material and we built tents, but our
wool supply was very small, only
just enough to cook our victuals.
We had to walk around the camp to
keep from freezing. We had to lay
on the ground and many nights I
walked nearly all night to keep from
suffering with the cold. But such was
war. My clothes were getting sadly
out of repair, my congress boots were
all worn out. In my next letter I
will tell how I replenished my ward-
robe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE MONITOR.]

Washington, April 29th.

The old Spanish ideal diplomat of
three centuries ago, dark, affable,
suave, plausible, skilled in fence and
restless as a caged eagle, has gone
woefully out of style. Now we expect
diplomats merely to be representa-
tives of social life, to go out to great
dinners, and return them if possible.
Therefore, the first question asked re-
garding a newly appointed minister
to a first-class power is, how rich is
he? That question satisfactorily an-
swered, all the rest is smooth sailing,
and we feel really only amusement
when men like James Russell Lowell
and Mr. Phelps come back from Eng-
land as English as the most exacting
Anglo-maniac could wish.

If it be then that the position is
purely a social one in every element,
the diplomat's wife is of scarcely less
national importance than the diplo-
mat himself. If Secretary Blaine
and President Harrison had selected
the corps abroad with sole regard to
the female representation, there could
hardly have been a greater success.

Mrs. Lincoln, wife of the minister
to England, has had a long and bril-
liant social experience, as the budding
daughter of the then Senator Harlan
during the war and the reconstruction,
and later as a member of the cabinet
circle, when her husband was secre-
tary of war. Few women are more
genuinely and unconsciously Ameri-
can in every thought and action. Her
social status is so well defined and
her experience so broad that there is
no danger that she will be overwelmed
or socially bullied by London so-
ciety. A grown daughter, a son aged
sixteen and a younger daughter ac-
company their parents.

Younger than Mrs. Lincoln by
many years, is Mrs. Whitelaw Reid,
daughter of D. O. Mills, the million-
aire of California creation. She is
very attractive in appearance, of the
blonde order, above the medium
height, and is notable in dress for
subdued colors. Mr. Reid will rent
a magnificent hotel in Paris, and it is
safe to say that his own thousands,
ably assisted by the Mills millions,
will create a respectable sensation
even at the French Capital. They
will take with them their son of se-
ven and daughter, a tot of five years.

To the land of Andalusia, where
we have sent more gifted literary men
than to any other court, Mr. Palmer
is accompanied only by his wife, be-
ing childless. Mrs. Palmer is a na-
tive of Maine, and was an heiress
when she met and married Thomas
W. Palmer. While her husband was
in the senate, Mrs. Palmer was a no-
table figure in Washington society
and proved herself a very clever so-
ciety leader as well as a kind and
genial personality.

The wife of Col. Fred Grant was
Ida Marie Honore, at the time of her
marriage the recognized belle of Chi-
cago. She is a very fine musician
and somewhat of a linguist. There
are several young children, including
a daughter born in the White House
in 1876.

In time of peace, the slowest thing
known to man is the war department,
not only on account of its red tape,

but also on account of its desire to be
dilatatory. It is a striking illustration
of this fact that the army is always
having trouble with the government
printing office. When every other
excuse for delaying reports has been
worn threadbare, the officers always
fall back upon the time honored
charge that it is the fault of the pub-
lic printer. Other departments are
satisfied and their reports appear
promptly. After waiting four months
it is discovered that the army regis-
ter even when issued has been wrong-
ly indexed, and it will take another
month to correct that defect. The
work of arranging the army regula-
tions has occupied the expensive at-
tention of a board of officers for
nearly ten years and on the eve that
an anxious world breathlessly awaits
its positive appearance, it is discov-
ered that "several important errors
on the part of the printer" will delay
the publication. And yet the people
wonder that the public printers some-
times stray from the narrow paths of
virtue and long to jump the fence and
vigorously toy with the army with an
ax.

Secretary Proctor regards Major
Lydecker's disregard of duty in the
inspection of work on the condemned
Washington aqueduct as an offence
which a whitewashing board should
not be allowed to extenuate. He has
returned to the court martial the pa-
pers in the case, with opinion that a
sentence of two years' suspension is
not adequate. It is probable that the
court will not reconsider the sentence
and therefore a new court may be or-
dered. Major Lydecker's reckless
neglect and selfish inattention to the
commonest duties entrusted to him
have cost the government and the
District of Columbia thousands and
thousands of dollars, and people not
specially interested in or belonging to
the army deem dismissal as the most
suitable sentence in this case.

As there are not enough farms in
Oklahoma to go round, the tide may
set back on to the bleak New England
shores and on the long-deserted farms
in New Hampshire and Vermont the
tasselled corn again may nod, the
grasshopper disport himself among
the vines, and the supply of squash
bugs be renewed. Seriously, the
growing demand for fruits and fresh
dairy products, before which the pin-
gled doughnut and the stratified pie
are slowly disappearing, justifies a
belief that there is as much money
in cows and strawberries and apples
raised in these diggin's as in wheat,
corn and cattle on Western plains.
And an honest, prudent man can bor-
row money on an Eastern farm as
readily as on one beyond the Missis-
sippi. As a rule, too, better terms
with capitalists are possible when the
alleged security is nearer home.

State News Items.

A DeForest, a new brakeman on the
Passumpsic railroad, from Scottstown P.
Q., was knocked off the cars by a covered
bridge at White River Junction, Monday
evening, April 22, and fatally crushed.

At a recent meeting of the pension ex-
amining board, two brothers from Cas-
tleton presented themselves for examina-
tion. The claims were original and for
the same disability. The brothers were
of the same size, height and weight, and
were enlisted in the same company and
regiment. This was the first instance of
the kind in the history of the board.

Hannah Battersby, said to be the larg-
est woman in the world, who died recent-
ly at Philadelphia, was born in Vermont
in 1842, and was of normal size until her
twelfth year. At seventeen years of age
she weighed 500 pounds. She married
John Battersby, who traveled with her,
exhibiting himself as "the greatest living
skeleton." Mrs. Battersby, at the time of
her marriage, weighed 688 pounds.

Mrs. H. H. Baxter of New York is to
give Rutland a Baxter memorial library
in memory of her husband, General H.
Henry Baxter. The site and building
will cost \$35,000. It will be strictly a
reference library, and none of its volumes
will be loaned. She will expend \$15,000
in books, and such other sums as may be
found necessary to complete the various
departments, and also make provision for
its support.

General News Items.

The removal of the telegraph poles on
Broadway, New York city, was begun
recently under the direction of
Mayor Grant.

Felice Viart, a professional beggar,
died recently in an old shanty at New
Orleans of debility and neglect. The cor-
oner afterward discovered \$28,000
hidden around the hotel.

Perry Wine, a well-known citizen, was
killed in a fire in Brockton county, West
Virginia, Wednesday, Apr. 24, and it broke
across the stump, killing his wife and
three children.

Two men, named Riley and Brown,
while taking down telegraph wires in New
York, were pulled out of a window by a
rope attached to a falling pole. One was
instantly killed and the other fatally in-
jured.

Frederick McMaster of New York found
in the post-office corridor, recently, a roll
containing \$900 in bills and \$29,475 in
certified checks. He took it to the bank
where it belonged. The bank people of-
fered McMaster \$5 for his services.

Mrs. W. O. Leeds, wife of one of the
richest men in Indiana, is about to pro-
secute nineteen saloon-keepers in Michigan
City for selling to her husband after she
had warned them not to do so. It is re-
ported that Mr. Leeds has promised to
stand back of the saloon-keepers in any
proceedings and supply "the shew's of
war." The amount of money he can con-
trol is estimated to be \$5,000,000.

DETROIT'S GOLDEN LEGEND.—The best butter
color made. Is stronger, more true to nature, and
proved, by actual test, preeminently superior. Is
maintained by highest authorities from the best dan-
dies, creameries, dairies, who say it is "far superi-
or to anything I ever used." Gives the June tint
always. No danger in excess of getting a red or
brick color. Try it by weight or measure. Apply
any test and you will know what color to use in fu-
ture. Fred's Dyeing & Staining Co., St. Albans. 5-20



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strength and wholesomeness. More economical
than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in com-
petition with the multitude of low test, short weight
adulterated or phosphated powders. Sold only in Can-
Royal Baking Powder Co., 109 Wall St., N. Y.

Fish Wardens' Notice.

This is to notify all persons that the laws regard-
ing fishing will be strictly enforced in this town, and
that all persons engaged in unlawful fishing will be
reported and prosecuted. Particular pains will be
taken to look after such as are engaged in net-line
fishing, Sunday fishing, and in carrying away fish
under the length limited by law.

FISH WARDENS, TOWN OF WESTMORE.

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CHARLES GRAY. Special Agent for Gen-
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CLOCK, Barton, Vt.

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DENTIST, BARTON, Vt. OFFICE IN
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